

Songs to Will Byers' Great Gayness by Rebldomakr

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Summary:

In the title and tags, folks. Will's our favorite pervert here.

Songs to Will Byers' Great Gayness

1. Flower by Liz Phair

The thing that simmers underneath Will Byers' skin isn't something weirdly sentient from another dimension. It is not an organ-deep cold that fears heaters and warm water. It is a blood-boiling, brain-curding disease that reproduces like fire inside of a forest during a summer drought and consumes him completely. It turns his entire being to ashes in seconds, so he has to rebuild himself from the remains as soon as he can cool. The thing is ignited not by the bubbly anxiety in gym or when he speaks in front of the class, but by the touch of someone's thick fingers that form a fist that could suffocate him or push him open wide for something thicker.

He discovers the thing in the summer after his final year in middle school. The sun beats down and he can imagine it as the chorus to the frantic beats of a bongo drum while a beast is roasted over open flames. Will sees himself as a rodent impaled next to the boast, burning quicker to a crisp while the beast becomes a juicy dinner, even while he floats on top of the water in Steve Harrington's swimming pool. It's big enough for him to redden his skin under the sky's burning gaze undisturbed by clouds and for his friends to play a rowdy game of 'Marco? Polo!'.

Mike's swim trunks are too small. No one seems to really care except for himself, and maybe Max though she is more preoccupied with Lucas' skin beaded with water. She has a journal full of poems that Will accidentally saw once. Terrible rhythm and structure, filled with prepubescent love and girly shit that he can't completely understand even if he likes how Mike's dick is growing faster than his and pushes the slightest bulge in tight trunks. He can feel the thing for the first time when he sees white behind his eyelids and imagines touching that bulge, thinking of Jonathon's hidden magazines and if it's as easy to reveal and swallow down like those girls make it seem.

Will Byers is being transported from boyhood to teenagedom in the worst possible time. His friends are beginning to look at girls, or boys if you're Max (Jane's eyes are fixed on boy, singular, aka Mike). He's the oddity, really, obsessed with whether to think dick, cock, or

penis when he writes erotica in his mind while floating over chlorinated water untainted by wild first graders and the slothful's urine. The pictures in his big brother's magazine would be better if there were words, it'd be easier to push the focus away from the women onto the men, what the thing in him craves more than he craves food after hours outside.

When Mike comes up from beneath him and drags him underwater, the internal thing laughs at him because his thigh brushed against the soft-hard bulge at Mike's groin and he couldn't even bring himself to panic as the air in his lungs bubbled out before him. It was easier to focus on the feeling and desiring more of it than to think about breathing. So, the thing laughs and laughs while he embarrasses himself, while he splutters once he's above water again, while he climbs out and rushes to the bathroom feigning anger, while his penis-dick-cock-whatever twitches in that weird way he's never experienced before. He couldn't determine, then, whether the twitch felt good or bad.

1. Closer by Nine Inch Nails

Will watches Billy Hargrove and tries to not make it obvious that he's memorized by the older teen's open to the air bare skin covered only by sweat, sun gleams, grease, and gasoline. He's sitting on a bench pretending to watch his mom talk to Billy and Billy's boss about fixing the transmission in her car. The only place in town that wouldn't try to scam the shit out of you was *Kate's Garage*, owned by Kate George whose son currently runs the place, whose son had hired Billy Hargrove and lets him work without any safety precautions whatsoever. How safe can it be to work on cars without a shirt on? Will doesn't know and he can't think too deeply on it right now. He's being consumed faster than Mike Wheeler's puberty or Steve Harrington's jeans could.

Aphrodite herself must have blessed Billy Hargrove with beauty. There's no way a high school senior should look that way. Billy Hargrove is a flame and Will Byers is wax. Sadly, someone does hand Billy a shirt that he halfway buttons while his boss takes over and directs his mom to the waiting room while they work on the car. Will is a statue and he doesn't move, even though he knows he should hop up and dutifully follow his mother. Instead, he continues to stare,

trying hard to gather the might to look away to something else or at least the brainpower to lie.

Billy meets his eyes. His face contorts into a smirk. If the thing in him wasn't frying his blood and brain simultaneously, Will would've been able to do more than blush and think how even when Billy looks like an asshole he's still pretty. "Kid," Billy says. "Better go inside with your mommy." Finally, he moves. First movement is bobbing his head, still imagining what Billy would look like if he was the star in his brother's magazines. The second movement is to stand and to rush towards the direction his mom and Billy's boss went, embarrassed while the summer frenzy inside of him cools down to spring flurry.

A hand grasps his shoulder and 'a hand' belongs to Billy's wrist. Will begins to melt in place, turning his head and ignoring the sting in his neck to stare up at Billy again. He wishes he could say he asked what Billy wanted, but he couldn't even bring out a single word from himself. His brain was uncoordinated and he ended up bumbling out a 'What?' that turned into a medium-pitched squeak.

"How old are you?" Billy asks.

"Thirte- no, um, fourteen. I turned fourteen a-" Will still couldn't remember his correct age and he hoped he did by the time he entered freshman year in the fall. If tripping over himself vocally like this was half as embarrassing to Billy as to talking to someone new, then he really hoped he could. Of course, these thoughts were post-this because present-this-him was just turning redder and turning completely molten.

Billy grunted and let go of Will's shoulder. "Go to your mom." He says. Will obeys.

1. Mine by Bazzi

Will's first real crush lasted a whole week when one of Dustin's cousins came to stay in August for two weeks. He spent half of that time trying to make Dustin's cousin happy, twisting himself into something he wasn't just so he could get the man's attention on him. And he says man because Dustin's cousin was twenty-one from

Illinois with calloused hands from working in a Rockford manufacturing shop. It wasn't a boy even though he still had a little baby fat around his face and he cracked really stupid jokes, and did a lot of really stupid things like try to fight someone completely drunk and smoking marijuana in the bathroom at the arcade.

Dustin's cousin's name is unimportant (it's Harrison 'Henry' Henderson) because his real importance in Will's life isn't about his name. Dustin's cousin was his first crush, took his first kiss, and taught him that saying dick is alright but saying cock feels dirtier and tastes better on his tongue when he says it. Will earns bruises shaped by fingers and teeth, too, at the same time he learned that kisses with tongue were always a little sloppy but amazing anyways.

One week is spent riding the waves of his crush, and the second is winding. Will spends all of his affection up by the time Dustin's cousin leaves. He's given a phone number that he'll never call, but he tucks the nights they spent together neatly in his memories where he knows they will stay forever.

1. Sweet Dreams by Eurythmics

The summer is coming closer to an end when Will buys a pre-rolled joint from Billy Hargrove for a dollar. Billy taps his lips and tells him, "I'll give you a few more if you suck my dick." He had no desperate need, no reason to do just that, but Will is tempted very easily. He collapses to his knees when he's told, after he's nodded already, and Billy directs him carefully. It was a shiny new experience that left his lips a little bruised, saliva and semen dripping down his chin onto the front of his shirt, and something even newer in his stomach.

It was funny how a single experience can make previous ones seem dull. The feeling of Dustin cousin's mouth on his dick wasn't half as good as it felt when he had his own hand on it with Billy Hargrove's cock sitting on his tongue.

"You need practice, Willie boy." Billy says. He hands Will a zip-lock bag with about a dozen joints inside before tucking his cock back behind his boxers and his jean's zipper. "Filthy, aren't you?" He laughs, dropping a cigarette Will didn't notice he had down to the ground and crushing it beneath his boot. "Stay here. I'll get you

something to clean yourself up with.”

Billy left and he actually did come back with a handful of napkins. There was nothing to be done about the stain on the front of Will's shirt, so he turned it inside out and hoped no one would notice.

(someone was bound to notice)

Author's Note:

I know!!! I'm not dead!!!! Shocking tbh. I'm gonna get my ass IN GEAR and post more, promise my darlings. You can hit me up on my Instagram account if y'all want, it's @walepurgeis

get it

walpurgis

harry potter

voldemort

no??

okay

I'll be adding updates about upcoming fics, polls in my story, etc. for ships, kinks, tropes, etc.